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The Evening World Prints Associated

Press News.

A PLAN FOR TUNNEL VENTILATION.

The Railroad Commissioners have decided to put into experimental operation in a portion of the Fourth Avenue Tunnel a double roof and air-current plan of ventilation, which is elsewhere in this issue fully described. The idea looks most promising. Whether its promise will be fulfilled only the result of thorough experiment can show. It is expected that the smoke and cinders from passing trains will be utterly cleared away, and that the most important factor in the process of making the tunnel safe will thus be secured.

Great public interest will attach to the experiment. Should it succeed there will be cause for intense gratification to the Commissioners and to those who have to travel through the tunnel. It will remove not only a great deal of the danger, but most, if not all, of the unpleasant features of the tunnel passage, which are due to the present necessity of closing the passenger cars so tightly against the cinders and smoke. For its part, the railroad company promises, in the event of the experiment's success, to quickly equip the whole tunnel according to the then-to-be chosen plan.

OHIO'S CONTEST IS ON.

The contest is on in Ohio. McKinley was not satisfied with the verdict at the polls in the Congressional elections of last fall, when he was of those against whom judgment was rendered. He will have his tariff issue tried again before the people of the whole State. He is already notified that the Democracy has a very fine conviction that there will be no reversal of judgment on this appeal.

In the Convention, which nominated the Major a very pretty attempt was made to cover up the Republican family quarrel in Ohio. Yet the fiery FORAKER could not miss the opportunity in his speech-making to send a shot or two after some of his late non-supporters in his own party.

And did it strike no Buckeye Republican as a trifle pathetic to see JOHN SHEN-MAN, after his thirty-seven years of public service, quietly submit to a back seat crowding that the appearances of harmony might go on?

THE SEABRIGHT CALAMITY.

With characteristic generosity, the people of New York City loosen their purse-strings and come to the aid of Seabright and its destitute people. A liberal fund is already under way, and care will be taken that it shall be distributed to the best advantage.

It is a pitiful scene that the fire has left on the site of the late pretty village by the sea. The poorer people have, as in too frequently the case, suffered the most. They camp at night in tents loaned by the National Guard beside the ashes of their homes and in the midst of circumstances such as breed despair. Yet they need not be desperate. The hands of help and encouragement are extended on every side. Seabright will rise from its ashes.

Sometimes old age, instead of imploring Time to turn backward in his flight, seems to catch hold of an off wing and swing the ancient fellow back by main force. Thus, this morning's news told of one robust girl of seventy-six who is cutting her third set of teeth, another of seventy, whose white hair is turning black; a third, also of seventy, who has stepped up as the blushing bride of a youth of ninety-five.

It had been arranged that the Prince of Wales should be host on the occasion of the German Emperor's reception at the Guildhall. Discretion has now prompted the substitution of Queen Victoria at this function. Perhaps the Prince will, however, be a counter attraction.

Tenny has much to answer for. His failure to win the Suburban drove a young woman to drink, caused her to attack a policeman with a hat pin, and then attempt to hang herself with her corset strings. She is now becoming her fate in a dangerous cell.

A Russian, recently arrived, is to be sent back on the ground of insanity for having expressed, at Washington, his desire to help the President run the Government. Yet this is no more than the average citizen constantly manifests his willingness to do.

As to Lieutenant-Governor JONES's attitude towards the gubernatorial candidacy, the dispatches declare for him that it remains unchanged. Mr. JONES is as circumspect as Bunbury. Pray, what is the attitude which is unchanged?

Pugilist SLAVIN's remarks at Niblo's last night showed modesty. "I don't know that I'm a fighter," he said. "But I am willing to meet any man, and will do my best to win." Here is an illustration of soft words and hard blows.

An Albany boy sustained and survived an electric shock of 2,000 volts. While

the fact is interesting from an electrocution point of view, half the current, or even less, would have sufficed for the boy, as an experience.

Cheyenne has had an innovation and a sensation in the form of a woman jury. And strange as it may appear to the lords of creation, the aggregate of its intelligence was fully up to that of the average jury of men.

It is reported from Hayti that Hippolyte has been shot. But in Hayti the life or death of an incumbent is little more than a contemporaneous episode of a constant revolution.

The six individuals who committed suicide yesterday, to get rid of the hot weather, apparently had no faith in the weather clerk's predictions.

A New Jersey Judge was nearly tired to death by having to read 250 printed pages of love letters. Of course he decided against the writer.

All sensible people advise young men to marry, but that does not mean to steal the necessary funds, as a young Pennsylvanian did yesterday.

It cost Sir WILLIAM GORDON-CUMMING \$12,500 and his reputation to learn the influence exercised by royalty in Great Britain's courts.

Even the grand stand fell down when a female nine tried to play ball at Ashland, Pa. Fortunately no one was hurt.

The Traub Croft scandal having lost its edge, the Parnell-O'Shea affair is returned to with renewed zest.

Ohio is trying the case of McKINLEY vs. Tariff Reform, and the verdict is awaited with interest.

Does the commanding Major-General of the Army take a new commander at Keokuk to-day?

The Adirondack forest fire are out. Now there is only to get the railroad out.

New York weather resembles a luncheon of deviled kidneys and ice-cream.

Like young Lochinvar a cold wave has come out of the West.

Buy a box for the poor children's strawberry festival.

What has become of the sea serpent?

Do not forget the Sick Babies' Fund.

SPOTLETS.

Sometimes one bird is a convey all by himself. He must be a mous-cow, of course.

The city man who began by raising chickens, ended by raising the chicken-house.

Queen Victoria is going to give Albert Edward a piece of her mind. This is almost the only thing the dear old lady is willing to give him.

The "promising young man" pans out badly when the promise is for a wedding and is unfulfilled.

With hat and breath the fisher sought To lure the trout from watery lair; But not a fish he homeward brought; His breath was baited—but for fear!

An eagle tried to fly away with a lamb, but found out that he wasn't "big" enough for the contract.

The ancient fables cannot compare with the pen-and-inkers of to-day.

It is easier to be a "house-man" on West street than on Wall street, where you can't be sure of anything very long.

William Muldoon, in the east "As You Like It," casts his opponent in the wrestling. This is the kind of a cast William will!

WORLDS.

Sardou, the great French playwright, writes a hand to hand that it almost requires a magnifying glass to read it.

A wealthy German has offered a prize of \$25,000 to any astronomer who will satisfactorily demonstrate to him that the sun, moon or stars are inhabited.

The smallest screws in the world are used in the manufacture of watches. The screw in the fourth jewel wheel, that looks to the naked eye like a bit of dust, is so small that a lady's thumb would be unable to pick it up.

Overwork in Japan wears on his cap and on his back an inscription giving his business and his employer's name.

The Japanese language is said to contain 60,000 words, every one of which requires a different symbol. It is quite impossible for one man to learn the entire language, and a well educated Japanese is familiar with only about 10,000 words.

The Kentucky and City Milk.

"Well, Colander, have any new experiences up in New York?"

"Yes. Tainted water."

"How'd you happen to do that?"

"Drank a milk punch."

He Didn't Feel Hurt.

"I was sorry I couldn't go to hear you lecture last Saturday night, Winkie. I had another affair on hand."

"Oh! I understood," said Mr. Winkie, Saturday used to be bath night with you, too."

Not Strange.

"Another wreck on the New Haven this morning?"

"No. How did it happen?"

"The engine boy dropped a box of biscuits out the window and threw the car off the track."

Caution Necessary Now.

Found Young Husband in Boston—Are the shorties closed, my dear?

Beautiful Young Wife—Yes, love.

"Blessed young!"

"They are."

"Any policeman hanging about when you were just now?"

"None."

"Then come here, dearest, I want to kiss you."

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

THE PATENT TOWEL-RACK MAN.

"By George! but won't this weather make corn and 'ex' claim the patent kitchen roller towel-rack man from Huckleberry Plains as I found him resting on a bench in City Hall Park yesterday."

I replied that I thought it would, and he took a letter from his pocket and continued:

"Here is a letter from my son Silo, which I got to-day. Sends me \$5 in cash and says everybody at the Plains is still excited over my patent towel-rack."

Says that Hank Löffelwing and Bill Henderson have rented the old cooper-shop and are trying to invent a clothes-horse with eight legs to it. Haven't even invented three of the legs yet, but he swells around and running in debt fur and saleratus. Say!"

"Well."

"We've got four bar trays to home. Bought 'em of a tin peddler for half price. Silo wants to sell 'em to me and see if I can't sell 'em here. What do you think?"

"Why, what would anyone in New York want of a bar tray?"

"Well, that's a question I've bin asking myself. I 'spose he's got 'em right skink skink around here, and there ain't no bidders or foras to speak of. Awful nice thing, though, to have around the house. Some of those fellows up on Fifth avenue might want 'em to set in front of their smoke-lounging or hen-coops. Sam Johnson, he's got 'em. He's got 'em out of the smoke-house for over six months, and one night I caught him in a bar tray. He hollered so that they heard him clear over to the Bebe Settlement. Say!"

"Yes."

"It was the means of making Sam a good man. I wouldn't take him out of the trap till he agreed to let his boy Tom for breakin' my gate and to get religion, and he's been ringin' the mectin'-house bell and actin' an' other ever since. Whenever he begins to act up and want to go to a circus or steal watermelons I just whisper 'Meat—smoke-house—bar tray' to him and he braces right up. Those people here don't want their smoke-houses robbed any more than we do."

"You wouldn't find any sale for them here."

"Well, you probably know best, but Silo is kinder not to try. If they hain't got my smoke-houses or hen-coops they might want to use a trap, as Squar' Goodhue, of our town, did. He had a gal who got a yoke of oxen, thirty sheep and seven hundred fence rails by the death of her aunt. All the young fellers for nine miles around used to come sparkin', and sometimes there'd be six fights goin' on in the yard to once. The squar' borrowed two of my traps and set 'em at the gate, and in two weeks not a young man in the neighborhood dared look at his barn. Howsumever, I'll tell Silo to hold on for a bit. There's no use rushin' things."

"Does the roller towel rack continue to stretch on?" I asked.

"She does." The saleslady's too dreadful tremendous, but everybody is saying a good word for it. I was up on Lexington avenue yesterday, and nine different women told me to be sure to come back in the Fall. They was goin' off to the seashore, and didn't care whether the kitchen towel was on the roof or down cellar, but in the Fall they are goin' to turn over a new leaf. Have I got 'nuff hay-seed on my hat and collar?"

"A great plenty."

"Well, I want to keep it there. I'm only a plain, every-day man, right from Huckleberry Plains, where everybody hangs a pair of butter in the well during the summer and goes to bed at 8 o'clock at night, and I don't want to be mistaken for no great statesman or millionaire. Say!"

"Well."

"Some mighty cute people in this town."

"Yes."

"The other day a feller comes up to me, looks my towel-rack all over and says:

"Old Spearmint, you've struck it. Go down this street two squares and inquire for the boss of the Mint. He wants a dozen."

"I went down and looked all around, and in about an hour I found the place. It was a Mint where they made mint juleps. Say! Don't you say a word so as it'll get back home, but I had three of 'em! Yes, air-traded a towel-rack for three of 'em, and I'm kinder headed that way again. It's the all-furdest, nicest drink you ever saw. Suck 'er right up through a straw, and the sugar all the way down. I used to think a glass of buttermilk right out of the cellar hit the spot better'n anything else on earth, but shoo! I guess they poured in considerable hard cider, fur I hadn't more'n the third glass down when I kicked a chair sky-high and offered to mow an acre of grass with any man in New York for six shillings."

"You mustn't get reckless here in New York."

"I ain't so, and I'm holdin' right on to myself all the time. Why, if Silo would come here he'd cut right to destruction inside of a week; but I'm old and settled. The other day a baker wrote for a cover, and there was good as any in the town. I just filled up that straw and gurgled down my throat like a streak of hot fire, and I ain't never been the same since. I know I'll be chavin' in tobacco and talk 'n' about race-horses and prize-fights, and what would Huckleberry Plains say to that? Lauds! but I'll stick to ginger ale and soda after this."

"Well, I'll see you again," I said as I made ready to go.

"I'm hopin' to. If you meet anybody else askin' around who wants a kitchen roller towel-rack, let 'em know I'm away. You know all about it—thirteen revolutions—a temporary nail—some quarters of a yard and so forth. Good-by."

M. QUAD.

GIVE THEM AID.

Sick Babies Need the Free Doctors in Order to Live.

Every Dollar Helps to Save a Suffering Infant's Life.

Neil Nelson Tells of a Poor Family's Lot.

"The Evening World".....\$100.00

Previously acknowledged.....\$49.25

S. P. Kuzman.....5.00

Francis.....2.50

E. S. C......25

Fanny and Clarence.....10.00

Bertha T.....1.00

Eleanor.....1.00

Ramona.....1.00

Book Agents......50

Boswin and Helen.....2.00

B. E......05

Theo. Reub.....1.00

Fanny and Sympathizers.....6.50

Charlie Barker.....1.00

Harry Harris.....1.00

A Sympathizer.....1.00

H. J......1.00

V. Stearns.....1.00

A Friend.....1.00

John.....5.00

W. H.....1.00

A. L. D.....1.00

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

Neil Nelson Tells of a Pathetic Case Which is One of Thousands.

Just read this rough sketch from life among the shadows of New York and say whether you will or will not cast a bit of bread upon the water.

The Leonard Street Industrial School had the East Grand to itself all day Tuesday. At 10 the big school arrived with little baskets, some of them containing the signs of America and Italy floating to the breeze. An hour later came the kindergarten, followed by a nursery of thirty-seven babies in carts, wagons and rhinoceros perambulators. Every division had its staff of teachers whose sacred duty it was to give the poor little children a right happy day in on the big street.

Long before the little people arrived a family of four, Leonard street and proceeded to walk to the Park. There was the father, a young man not yet thirty, with a gaunt figure and a face so pallid and woe-begone as to be frightful. The hungry eyes were set in the blue saucers and shone out of the face with a gleam of desperate hope. The mother was a woman of about thirty, with a face so pale and so suggestive of a wild beast than a human being. His face was unshaven, his hair was matted with damp and dust, his clothing had the sheen of long wear, weather stains and untidiness having blended to give it the pristine polish of ivory, and his bare feet were clad in shoes of worn leather. The mother was in the man's whole appearance the concentrated appearance of illness, want, suffering and utter helplessness that amounted to desperation.

His poor wife, his junior by six years or more, was pulled down with the weight of seven children, and her face was a picture of misery. Her hair was matted and her eyes were red and swollen. She was a woman of about thirty, with a face so pale and so suggestive of a wild beast than a human being. His face was unshaven, his hair was matted with damp and dust, his clothing had the sheen of long wear, weather stains and untidiness having blended to give it the pristine polish of ivory, and his bare feet were clad in shoes of worn leather. The mother was in the man's whole appearance the concentrated appearance of illness, want, suffering and utter helplessness that amounted to desperation.

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